

\$1.50 PRO WRESTLING

SUSHI.

Jeff Mullins, Ed., P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158

Issue #43½, JULY'92

SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE!

-- Free to Participants of 1st Ever Sushi Survey --

(SNS -- Sushi News Service)

SUPERSTAR'S LATEST SET BACK!!!

WASHINGTON, D.C. -- Pro Wrestling Sushi has learned from Bob Woodward, a long time Sushi reader and the chief investigative reporter for the WASHINGTON POST, that former pro wrestler "Superstar" Billy Graham was rushed to D.C. Memorial Hospital for emergency surgery yesterday after his testicles exploded.

According to Woodward, "Billy was appearing before the Senate Judiciary Committee-- which is looking into a suspected connection between anabolic steroids and those involved in the Watergate break-in 20 years ago--when his testicles suddenly blew-up."

[Note: Sushi News Service will continue this dramatic story in Issue #44, when Observer newsletter editor Dave Meltzer will be asked the obvious question: "Did Billy's balls burst because of...roids?"]

Hello, everyone. I'm Jeff Mullins, editor of this SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE of Pro Wrestling Sushi and uncle to the little tick-turd named Jubie Jay Mullins who, like he did last month, will no doubt try to worm his way into this special issue, too. I'll do my best to prevent it, but, alas, there seems no escaping him.

Of course, pending the survey results--THE REAL SURVEY RESULTS!--not the results that I am sure will be fabricated elsewhere in this issue by my gonzo 9-year-old nephew if he gets his hands on the laptop, Jubie's fate in Sushi is up in the air, since I have decided to put together this SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE before I've read any of your survey comments and before we've tabulated what you like about Sushi, don't like, and want changed regarding this sheet.

Except for quick peeks to pull out renewal orders, etc., I have not yet glanced at any of the surveys, which are still inside their envelopes and have begun to pile up like pancakes--inside one of those big, empty, bulk-sized cartons that once contained two bags of Cheerios. The box is resting on one of its narrow sides, and at the rate the surveys are coming in, I may need to use another box by the time the survey deadline has rolled around.

Hey, I'm not complaining. I'm just sort of blown away that so many of you took the time to respond, and that most of your envelopes seem to contain a heck of a lot of paper!

Actually, it's sort of strange, not knowing what judgements you Sushigangsters have made, and here I am putting out this special issue which very well may contain the kind of stuff you hate...or like. Aaaaah, life. Ain't it sumptin? A regular crap-shoot-a-roo.

Sooooo. Regardless of what you may have written in response to the survey (I know I didn't make it an easy one to answer)...THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR SHARING YOUR THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS WITH ME! I am honored that you would care so much and that you would take the time required. I hope that Sushi and I will be able to continue to measure up to your expectations and that--with issues #44 and #45--you'll begin to see the fruits of your labors (or the ravages of your brickbats!)

Again, for the record, I plan to put this issue together, print it, and mail it before I read and compile any of the surveys, which means I won't have any personal reactions to share with you until later. As promised, this special issue of Sushi is being sent to survey respondents only. (What you do widdum, once you gettum, is your bidness.)

Okay, it's time to see how "unique and revealing" we can make this issue for you. Excuse me while I go put on my tights, working shoes, and Jushin "Thunder" Liger mask.

Oh, you didn't know I worked under a hood? How else do you think this sheet gets most of its SUSHI NEWS SERVICE stories? Do you think if I showed up at Dave Meltzer's beach front condo in Campbell looking like Jeff Mullins he'd actually give me any scoops? The part I like the best, is when Dave tries to talk to me in Japanese and asks me to do moonsaults off his coffee table. The really funny part, though, is that he actually prints all of the Japan news I give him.

Guess what, guys? Manami Toyota? All Japan? New Japan? Akira Maeda's infamous shoot-kick on Riki Choshu? All the sellouts at the Egg Dome? They don't exist! They never happened! I make all that stuff up and trade it with Dave for SUSHI NEWS SERVICE info! Can you believe he hasn't caught on yet? Talk about being a mark.

But let's keep this our little secret, okay? Meltzer's too busy (typing up all the Japan news I gave him this week) to respond to the survey, and there's no way I'm gonna send him a copy of this issue. So don't you send him one, either. Okay? Even if he begs! I'm counting on you.

Well, guys, as promised, this is some of the "revealing" stuff I said I'd deliver in this special issue. Take it to your graves, okay? I know I can count on yuh! Now, where did I put that damn mask...

BEACH BLAST INTERESTING... LIKE GEOMETRY IS INTERESTING

For me, BEACH BLAST '92 was, well, sort of w-e-i-r-d.

When I watched WCW's most recent pay per view on 6/20, I personally had a different experience than the kind of experience I usually experience whenever I experience PPV's.

I fell asleep three times (a record), once each during the Simmons-Taylor, Bagwell-Valentine, and World Championship tag-team matches. I went to the head twice during one match (another record), during the Iron Man bout--and didn't miss a thing. I took a phone call (something I have never done during previous PPV's). I looked at my watch a lot. I filled out only four pages of notes, compared to an average of eight to ten pages for other PPV's. And I spent a lot of time wondering how some of you out there were holding up? If you were enjoying it? Or if you were blinking at points in space halfway between the TV sets and your noses, wondering if now might be the perfect time to take up a different hobby--like rollerblading, parenting, or even sitting out by the neighborhood pool checking out babes who have never before followed wrestling, have never wrestled themselves, nor have ever been married to a professional wrestler named Eddie Gilbert.

Actually, it wasn't all that bad. In a way it was even interesting, sort of like Geometry in high school was interesting, like when the teacher was drawing all those lines and points on the chalk board and you were grasping some of it, though not quite all of it, but you knew there was a reason why the teacher was going to all the trouble, so you tried to pay attention, tried to keep your head from making too much noise when it struck the back of the chair of the person in front of you when you started to doze off.

What did I find interesting? Oh, probably some of the same things you found worthy of note: Scotty Flamingo winning the Light-Heavyweight strap from Flyin' Bri-guy, Medusa wearing the veil she wore during her wedding with Eddie, all the remarkable effort Cactus Jack puts into a match, Missy still having such a great bod and a beautiful smile and a pair of mellons that would make a cantaloupe farmer proud, how much the "Little Lizard" looks like his papa Ricky Steamboat, that Bonnie "The Sea Hag" Steamboat is quite a woman (and could probably give Missy and Medusa a run for the "First Lady of WCW" title), that Dustin was really in the six man a long time getting the crap kicked out of him, that Medusa really looked gooooooooood during the bikini part of the competition, that the six man was actually called due to someone (Arn) doing a DQ move off the top ropes, and that no match outcome was swerved due to a run-in, ref bump, or other grossly screw-jobbed ending.

What did I find disappointing? Oh, probably the same things you found lacking or incongruent: The slowness of the matches, that everyone seem exhausted (probably due to humidity, poor air conditioning in the building, or the fact that Ole was not handing out more than two free passes to anyone), the rigged 900-line Missy vs Medusa update: 51-49 in favor of Medusa, to entice you into thinking that your phone call was really going matter (as if anyone who reads this sheet actually called in the first place), that Cactus and Sting never did fight outside the building and along the Gulf Coast, that 1) the "Little Lizard" needs some lessons about how to climb through ring ropes, 2) that the "Little Lizard" should have been allowed to go up to Rude and kick at his shin or stomp on his foot, and 3) that Rude should have clotheslined the little guy and kissed Bonnie, that the run-in by Cactus Jack on Steamboat during the Paul E. interview came off sort of lame thanks to poor camera angles (Hey, Cowboy, time to bring in your son!), that the Steiners vs Gordy-Williams match was not really all that stiff, that the entire show might have been a good CLASH, that Jesse Ventura really adds nothing anymore to a show (He talks way too much!), isn't worth all they reportedly pay him, and that the part with him going into Medusa's "beach" tent (after Johnny B. Badd had come out holding her bikini that he had taken off her--off camera) and leering and saying that Medusa is "Definitely the First Lady of WCW!" was tasteless, lame, and dumb (and for this sheet to say THAT, that is really saying a lot!)

Well, after this, and after the 6/22 CLASH, and after the 7/12 ALBANY BASH, Cowboy Bill Watts will be directly responsible for WCW's destiny. Based on this show alone, or anything between now and the BASH, it really would not be fair to judge Watts too harshly for the transitional period and whether it sucks or not. He's inherited a bag of snakes. What will really count is the three months between the BASH and HALLOWEEN HAVOC. Until then, some of the things we shall experience may not be all that interesting (as in "Wow!"), but they certainly will be interesting (as in "Hmrrrrrr.") Altogether, BEACH BLAST was just that--a "Hmrrrrrr." Not a strong thumbs up, but really not a total thumbs down, either. Maybe a thumbs in the middle, maybe not, but definitely a "Hmrrrrrr."

Anyway, Vince McMahon probably went to bed and got a good night's sleep--without worry--over in Titanland (and that is just the way it should be, for now) and, it's a good bet that--eventually, later that night--Sting and Cactus Jack finally...left the building!

HOMOPHOBIC AVERSION...TO NWF ICE CREAM BARS!

The skinny little Jubie Jay-look-alike atop HAWK's shoulders after the ROADIES'squash during 6/20 SUPERSTARS, had us Sushilanders hoping that when the kid faced the camera he would turn out to be "FRECKLES!" So far, we have not actually seen the Freckles "doll" originally slated for the Roadies vs BEVERLY BROTHERS feud. (Says tons for the Numero Uno wrestling promotion when numero uno thing on our minds is whether doll is going to look like benign red-headed HOWDY-DOODY puppet from 50's TV, or evil CHUCKY from the recent horrific CHILD'S PLAY films.)

Does it mean a guy is hopelessly HOMOPHOBIC when one does not opt to buy a WWF ice cream bar adorned with a wrestling superhero on the coated surface, not because one is allergic to corn syrup, but because one does not feel comfortable licking or nibbling on various wrestler-body parts in public--or private!? Like, hock-phooey, man.

No truth at all to continuing rumor that (estranged) MACHO SAVAGE wife ELIZABETH stuck her tongue in RIC FLAIR's mouth when he "kissed" her during GRAPPLEMANIA 8, or that

later Ric warned the SAVAGE MAN that his little wife was, in deed, a little loose. More than just rumor, however, that the sordid Flair-Elizabeth angle had something to do with LIZ's discontent. Maybe marriage is sacred afterall, Vince, something even you should not pervert, even in...fun?

Let's see...PAPA SHANGO has now caused vomiting, forehead and hand oozing, spontaneous combustion of feet and palms...what next? Time to bring in CARL STYLES, the former PORTLAND wrestler who can make his glass eye pop out and roll around on the mat!... Just love it when MEAN GENE is forced to sell this stuff... According to a local former stunt person pal, Shango victim-jobber-stunt-man CHRIS HANN did excellent job selling fear of Shango while walking to ring and using the white towel around his neck to "hide" the gimmick when he popped the phosphorous cap (which combusts when exposed to air) which, in turn, ignited the fire-gel patch on his palm...one of the ways the gimmick can be rigged. Oops, were WE just guilty of exposing the professional wrestling business here?

Is NAILZ's voice an indication of how bad his breath is? With voice 'n' breath that could vie with GODZILLA for dibs on the next CERTS commercial, Nailz does not need a club in order to RODNEY KING'size the BIG BOSSMAN to death... WISH LIST: That someone would "repo" REPOMAN, SARGE, MONEY INC., and DISASTERS. (These acts are becoming like the three-letter adjective hidden in the word "MOLD.")... Aside from curiosity about "Freckles" and images of Bob Backlund returning to the WWF and the next VOO DOO curse from the OBEAH stick of P. Shango, interviews featuring SCOTT HALL's new RAZOR RAMON character ("Eh, Cheeko...Hi ham Harrazor Harmon!") are one of the things TITAN does best--introducing new heels and reshaping the careers of guys who have been rehashed more times than the DAN QUAYLE potato-spelling joke. Example: Marc Calloway in WCW? Anybody remember his pre-UNDERTAKER gimmick or nickname? He will take the WWF-given Undertaker image to his grave.

Why do all jobbers like DWAYNE GILL (stringy blonde hair, roots showing, skinny legs, 12-inch pythons, and a gap in their front teeth) make me think of HULK HOGAN ten years from now? Not that Dwayne did not take and sell a nice one-armed power-slam from the ever grinning CRUSH... Now, tell the truth. When the door is closed or when no one else is home to catch you, do you ever strip down to your BVD's and, like WWF champ GARY STRYDOM, stand in front of a full-length mirror and do some of those barefooted poses like he and the other freaks perform in those WWF video spots which promote Vince's new toy? Remember the old, "I WANT MY MAYPO" hot breakfast cereal ads? How about, "I Want my ICO-PRO" butt 'n' thigh builder supplements! Hey! Shawn Michaels is leaving the building...and so am I!

...AND YOU THINK JUBIE JAY+ RIKI-JACK ARE BEEZAR!

Generally, I have a long fuse when it comes to boiling over relative to irritants and toxins in anything but nature.

Show me a guy dumping illegal waste into a stream or a river and, frankly, I'd like to sneak up behind him--like The Repo Man--and give him the kind of goose with a cattle prod that would make The Mountie--and Pat Patterson--smile, as the toxic-scum-guy (surprised out of his wits!) topples into the fish and plant-life-murdering foul river-brew he has just created. Glub-glub. Ohhhh, what a rush!

On the other hand, it takes a while for me to get worked up about much else. Oh, I might get worked up, but usually I let it marinate or simmer for awhile before I take action, before I invariably rush in where angels fear to tread, put my foot in my mouth, stub my toes, exercise a style of confrontation reserved usually for the old Joel Goodhart wrestling shows (Can Dan Quayle spell 'bloodbath?'), and employ the kind of scorched-earth...or road to Baghdad...policy eventually utilized by U.S. Armed Forces during the Gulf War (Can Saddam Hussein spell 'bloodbath?').

Yeah, when my short-fuse is lighted, I tend to subscribe to the old Four Horsemen's mentality of rasslin' run-ins, ie., clean their clocks and take no prisoners. (However, as I said earlier, this does not happen very often. But when it does, I become a figurative pit bull nick-named "Over Kill.")

My reaction to the following is probably one of those things I should have just let slide. I mean, the person who concocted the "idea" below probably had his mother or his therapist's secretary type it for him.

But, no, immediately the letter struck a raw nerve inside me and, lo'...since it is summer and since I've got a little more time now to chase windmills, time to watch the media carve H. Ross Perot a new poop shoot, and time to mount my white horse and perform delicate social surgery against all sorts of wrestling related injustices...I pulled out an A-bomb and yanked the trigger! Alas, I could never be a heart surgeon...or a dentist.

(You WHAT!? You FORGOT to FLOSS!? You've got PLAQUE! Your gums are BLEEDING! Open your mouth and take a bite of this, you little... Yes, I KNOW its a JACK-HAMMER! Now, open your MOUTH!!!) Subtle, uh? Not.



HELLLLO, JASON. WELCOME TO SUSHILAND! HAHAHHA!

On 6/22, I reached into my P.O. Box and pulled out the first batch of your survey responses. Among the stack was a letter from Jason M. Shepard, of Wisconsin Dells, WI. Since Sushi's subscriber list does not contain this person's name or address, I opened the envelope and was treated to this awesome pile of pig manure...

Wisconsin Dells, WI 53965-1228
June 15, 1992

TO ALL NEWSLETTERS:

I am writing to inform you of my upcoming project that will begin as of July 31, 1992. It is "The First Annual Wrestling Newsletter Awards for Excellence". This is something new to the newsletter world, and I hope it will be big. I have as of now, about 15 newsletters that I have seen recently and I have entered into "competition". My goal is to have 30-40 newsletters competing for about 20 different categories. There will be the "Best of the Best Newsletters" award awarded to the overall best newsletter. Following that, there will be "Best Newsletter" awarded to the newsletter that gets the most votes for best newsletter, besides the Observer and the Torch. I have decided to do this so other newsletters will have a chance in the "Best" category. I will have a complete list of categories that will be sent out to you on June 30, 1992.

After I receive all the newsletters that will be competing, (newsletters wishing to compete must have atleast 1 sample sent to me by July 31, 1992, no later) I will nominate the top 5 newsletters in each category. From there, the first set of ballots will be sent out August 20, 1992. These will be sent out to about 100 fans from my personal mailing list. After that, I will send 10 ballots to each of the editors that sent in a sample newsletter. These are for the editor himself, plus any of his/her readers or friends. If the Editor wants anymore ballots, he/she may write to me requesting more ballots, and I will happily send them out. Also, I will be advertising in many newsletters for fans to write requesting ballots. This has the potential of reaching over 500 fans. The end of the voting period will be October 15, 1992. The votes will be tallied, and then around November 1, 1992, I will make available a book of about 20 pages for \$5 giving totals for each newsletter in every category, with fan comments and some of my own. All newsletter addresses will be listed, and this will be a great plug for all newsletters competing.

I urge you to send in a sample to me, or atleast prices and I will order one. All weekly, bi-weekly, monthly, and bi-monthly newsletters are eligible. Once you send me your sample, I will send you another letter telling you how to get the most ballots to your readers.

Sincerely yours,

Jason M. Shepard
Jason M. Shepard, Publisher
Wrestling Newsletter Awards for Excellence

HOW DO YOU WANT THE SAMPLE, JACE? IN A BOTTLE?

My first reaction to the above letter was to shake my head and pose a question: Who died and made Jason Shepard the new King of the Funny Farm?

My second thought was, what kind of person would actually send stuff like this out, thinking anyone would fall for it?

My third thought was...maybe former newsletter editor Harvey Cobb actually did have 345 satisfied subscribers...if most of them were like Jason Shepard.

Now, let's be fair. Maybe Jason's I.Q. is, like, sort of low. Like, maybe, if Jason's I.Q. were multiplied by 10, it would not clear 100. Okay, if this is the case, then Jason is forgiven and Sushi apologizes. For, as a rule, Sushi does not knowingly make fun of legitimate morons.

But what if Jason is old enough to tie his shoes with out getting his tongue caught in the laces? What if he is smart enough to turn on his TV for WWF SUPERSTARS without injuring himself or others, and he really knows what he is doing? And what if he really thinks that some of us hardcore newsletter editors are actually going to take him up on his scheme?

Well, not content to let a sleeping dog lie, and sort of pissed that this was yet another in a string of cons to get a list of names of Sushi subscribers, or a free copy of Sushi by bull-shitting me for it, instead of sending in a couple bucks or simply asking for a sample, I hand wrote the following note, photocopied it, and mailed it along with copies of Jason's letter to a few of my chums in the sheet biz...

DEAR _____,

I thought H. Cobb retired...

What do you think of the attached piece of shit? (Have you been receiving much weird stuff like this lately? It's about the fourth con-job sent to me in the last three months.)

Besides boycotting it, I'll probably have Riki-Jack do a few lines of shoot on the jerk in the next Sushi [or something].

Guess the guy had to come up with an interesting project[:] "WHAT I DID DURING SUMMER VACATION" [for] when he returns to college in the Fall... It'll be fun seeing who among us swallows the bait.

Rasslin' Regards,

JEFF MULLINS

IF ONLY THE MAIL MAN COULD HANG AROUND...W/A VIDEO CAM!

Finally, as this quaint little story of grap-sheet skullduggery unfolds toward its mysterious conclusion, I enlisted the services of Sushi's letters-to-the editor chief, Riki-Jack Hammeroyd, who graciously "did the job," that of writing and, yes, mailing the following letter to Jason "Get a Life" Shepard.

If (for only one brief moment!) the cheese-head from Wisconsin Dells, actually believed what he was reading in Riki-Jack's letter, it was worth the effort. "Overkill? Yes. But somehow curiously satisfying. (If I want to run for President of the United States someday, do you think stuff like this will come back to haunt me? Naaaa.)

June 23, 1992

OFFICES OF
MELVIN TERRY PATRICK & SON
c/o Riki-Jack Hammeroyd, Consul
P.O. Box 36189
San Jose, CA 95158

Jason M. Shepard, Publisher
WRESTLING NEWSLETTER AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE
[REDACTED]
Wisconsin Dells, WI 53965

REF: FORMAL COMPLAINT/DEMAND TO CEASE AND DESIST CONTACT WITH
CLIENT, PRO WRESTLING SUSHI NEWSLETTER

Dear Mr. Shepard,

Please be advised that (in my capacity as consul for the publisher, editor, staff, and family of Pro Wrestling Sushi newsletter) I may have no choice but to send copies of your letter dated June 15, 1992, to the Office of Postmaster General, Federal Bureau of U.S. Postal Services, Washington, D.C., and to the California State Department of Business Affairs & Consumer Services: Mail Fraud Division, Sacramento, CA, requesting that these offices, together and/or separately, investigate the likelihood that you have used the U.S. mail services to perpetuate what our client believes to be a "scam" operation directed at the publishers, editors, and readers of professional wrestling newsletters.

Once such an investigation is begun, our client believes it will be revealed that 1) your "awards" contest and publication is nothing more than a blatant get-rich-quick gimmick, 2) newsletters and readers have nothing to gain from it, and 3) your scheme is being conducted along the lines of a "chain letter" whose lawfulness is uncertain, constituting potential and possible reclamation of personal and class action remedies by our client and others who may so also determine to enjoin an overprevail in such actions as they deem necessary.

Further more, our client contends that your list of "about 100 fans from your personal mailing list" is little more than a list of names gleaned from the Readers' Pages of various newsletters you already receive, that you are merely seeking personal gain, and that you are simply trying to put yourself over (in my own opinion, by appealing to the avarice and base instincts of editors and fans whom you perceive to be dumber than the dumbest of WWF marks!) which is a crime in 38 states, the District of Columbia, and the U.S. Territory of Puerto Rico.

Herewith, are two of the pre-injunctive steps you may take (in good faith) if you wish to avoid juris prudent action by our client:

- 1) Submit a letter of apology to our client (via the address above), apologizing for your attempt to involve him and his newsletter in your activities, and
- 2) Do not send further information about your activities to our client who, by the way, has an uncle living not far from Wisconsin Dells, a relative who is a former professional wrestler nicknamed "One-Eyed" Jones, who has received a copy of this communication and your letter.

Think about it, Mr. Shepard. Unless you remedy this matter in the manner prescribed herein, whenever your doorbell rings you

will never know, really, if standing on the other side of your door is a Girl Scout selling cookies or a 280-pound caller wearing a black patch over one eye and the bottomless look of malevolence in the other. (FYI: "One-Eyed" Jones also wrestled under the names "Mad Dog" Jones and "Nut Cruncher" Jones because of his penchant for bringing a large metal walnut cracker into the ring whenever he took part in one of those BATTLE ROYALS WITH WEAPONS which were popular in the mid-70's.)

My client looks forward to your apology and your promise to cease and desist any and all contact with him.

Sincerely,

Riki-Jack Hammeroyd

Riki-Jack Hammeroyd,

MELVIN TERRY PATRICK & SON

PROFESSOR HARLEY GIVES 'POETRY' LESSON AT CLASH!

Three things that came to mind when I viewed the 6/22 WCW CLASH OF CHAMPIONS which contained the first--and beginning of the second--rounds of the "NWA Tag Team Tournament" were:

1) My respect grew for the kind of wrestler Harley Race must have been during his heyday. Having grown up in the S.F. Bay Area with a steady diet of Ray Stevens, when Roy Shires ran the promotion, I never really saw Race wrestle until he was past his prime--years with Titan, and, anyway, Stevens, who was so incredible, probably spoiled me for enjoying anyone else's work as much, so much so, that I could never understand why guys like Harry White would go glassy-eyed when they talked about Race in his prime.

Anyway, during the CLASH, and except for the dumb "bleeped" racial comment Race made during the interview segment in the ring, his part in a "spontaneous" brawl was simply like watching poetry in motion as he succumbed to a Ron Simmons' tackle, groggiedly got up on wobbly legs, delivered a few left-handed punches which rained down from the sky-lights, and sold a Simmons' clothesline like it was the Apocalypse. I must have re-played it six times, each time marveling at Race's skill and showmanship.

2) I enjoyed the CLASH meeting between the Steiners vs Doc and Gordy more than I liked their "first" meeting during the BEACH BLAST pay per view which aired two days earlier.

Perhaps (ala' Torch columnist Eric Krol) it's just me, but the BLAST match between the two teams didn't cut it. What I liked about the CLASH match, especially during the first half, was the way Rick and Gordy, and Scott and Doc seemed to actually be wrestling, seemed to be trying to out maneuver, out power each other as it's done in amateur wrestling.

Indeed, it was so different, and so much more effective than during the same early part of their BLAST match, it reminded me of Akira Maeda's old UWF promotion when, during the first part of a match, the wrestlers made their mat work seem very stiff and very real.

If this is going to be one of the things Bill Watts wants to accomplish, the sense of "reality," it is going to be a real trick to make it work because, in my opinion, it will be no good if it looks either too much like amateur-style (boring for U.S. pro grap fans) or too much like Maeda's old UWF shoot-style (which I actually believe looks too legit and too violent for most U.S. fans who really want a good dose of "fake" in their matches.) The CLASH match was a good start in this direction as an "art" form and a crowd pleaser and it could pay off in nice dividends down the road for WCW if Watts and the wrestlers figure out the right balance between shoot and work. And who better, at this point in time, to kick it off and perfect it as the "New American Style" of wrestling than the Steiners, Doc, and Gordy?

3) I also gave a silent prayer of thanks to the guys who invented "tape," VCR's, and the "fast-forward" button. Because I taped the 2½ hour CLASH for later viewing, the FF feature on my remote allowed me to "speed watch" 5/8's of the tournament's tag matches in about 15 minutes of what looked like speeded-up Lucha Libre action, allowing me to enjoy the only other interesting matches on the card: The Freebirds vs the Mexican Silver Kings (I've never seen that double spinning reverse vault-jump through the middle and top ropes before!) and Pillman-Liger vs Canadians Beef Wellington-Chris Benoit (Again, it's probably just me, but I can't help but get emotional and bloated with appreciation and wonderment at the effort Jushin Liger puts into his work, ie., the gracefulness of that middle rope moonsault onto Benoit on the floor. Talk about trust!)

And a final "Is it just me..." but didn't Sting's face paint during his interview look like he and Papa Shango are going to the same make-up artist? Sting start carrying smoking skull to ring and I outta here.

Quick notes: Dave Meltzer called in response to the "All Kidding Aside" story in Sushi #43 and said Observer subscriptions are not down, that he is doing fine financially, and that he's not going to be putting out a body building newsletter. More about our conversation in Sushi #44. Also, the correct address for Mike Rodgers' enjoyable, Portland-watching, monthly Ring Around The Northwest wrestling newsletter, which sells for only 50¢ an issue, is 2740 SE Lewellyn, Troutdale, OR 97060 (not "Troutdate" as was incorrectly mentioned in Sushi #43). Hmmm. A date with a trout? Sounds like fun to this Sushimeister!... Finally, because some of you were wondering, I just put in a call to

the NEW YORK TIMES in NYNY and left my number for Three Count editor Alex Marvez to phone back with updates about his 10-week internship and what he is up to sheetwise. Also touched base with Dave Meltzer who confirmed that, indeed, Alex is very busy with the TIMES and plans to put out an issue every other week until he's free.

IT'S THE "KINGS OF KAFABE", THOSE WORLD RENOWNED RACONTEURS OF THE RING, MASTERS OF THE GO-BEHIND AND TAKEDOWN...

AND PROPRIETORS OF "PAT AND TERRI'S SCHOOL OF SELF DEFENSE"...

MEN ON WRESTLING

Forster



JUBIE OR NOT JUBIE? THAT'S THE QUESTION!

"Jubie! What in the name of Lew Thesz are you doing sneaking about my den and wearing that old car tire around your neck like a cape?!"

"I'm pretending to be...TA-TA!...The Repo Man! Hey, is this laptop paid for? HAHAAHA!"

"Put it down, Jubie! Go out and play with your friends."

"They're all dead. Papa Shango flame-broiled and ate 'em. I'm the only one left. Uh, what are all those envelopes doing in a Cheerios box?"

cont. →

"They're readers' responses to the first ever Sushi survey."

"Can I read 'em?"

"Not yet. Wait until I'm done with this special summer issue. Then you, Riki-Jack, me, all of us, will sit down and go over them point by point."

"What if Sushi readers don't like me? What if they hate my guts? What if most of them want my guts splattered by Tugboat!? What if they want me run outta town without my hair!!? What if..."

"We'll see, Jubie. We'll see..."

"Oh...THAT's a really comforting response to my fears about rejection and abandonment."

"I'm sure some of the readers like you, Jubie. I'm sure you have some fans."

"Yeah, sure. Like...I'm a Japanese flyer and Dave Meltzer is gonna nominate me 'Sushiman Of The Year'. Uh, did Unca Dave mail in his survey response?"

"Not yet."

"What if 50% of the readers want me killed off? And Unca Dave faxes in the deciding vote--to pull my plug!--but his fax arrives before noon Eastern Time or one second after the deadline? Will his vote count? Am I history? Do I pack up my little bags and get sent down the road? Sayonara? Adios? End of the line? That's all she wrote? Finito?"

"Jubie..."

"...Yes."

"Stick the plug back into the socket. Mr. Fax doesn't work with out electricity."

"Oh, no! Sob-sob! I can just feel it! I'm gonna be terminated! I'm gonna become non-history like previous WWF stars! I'm gonna vaporize into nothingness. My little molecules and bodily fluids are gonna squirt like goo down Mean Gene's coat sleeve and fly off into outer space! Oh, cry for me, Argentino Rocca! Dave! Unca Dave! Save me, Unca..."

Well, Sushigangsters, that's it for this free SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE of Sushi. (And maybe the end of the line for the Jubester. Who knows...) As I write this, it's still only 6/25, with five days remaining until the survey deadline of 6/30. So far, about a third of you have mailed in your responses, and that's incredible, as it represents about 300% more responses than things like this normally draw in the real world. I am so jazzed, I may try to get some of these babies printed and mailed sooner than 7/1, for those of you who sent your responses in early.

Yeah, I've gotta admit, I'm still kind of nervous wondering what all of you have said in your letters. But more than that, I am really stunned at how many of you took the time to share your feelings about a little sheet with an odd name and an oft bent view of the thing that draws us together no matter how far apart we really are...the world of pro graps. See you all after the BASH!!! -- Jeff Mullins

